



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

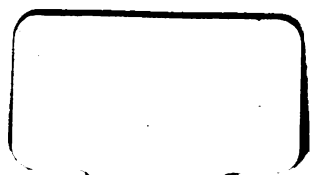
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

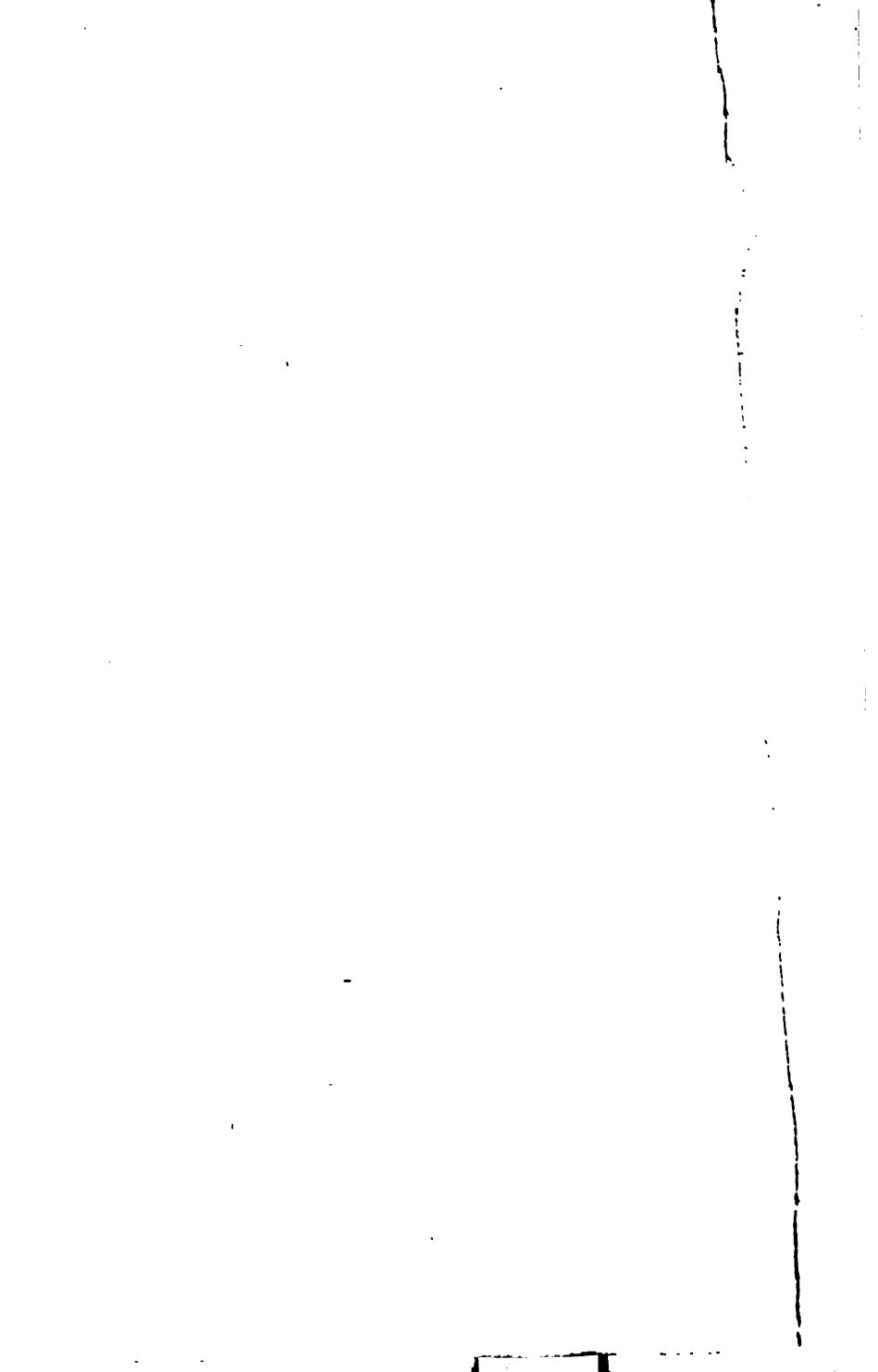
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 07581747 2





Glac
NB1



BEGGAR AND KING



BEGGAR AND KING

By

RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER



NEW
Y
PUBL
LIBR

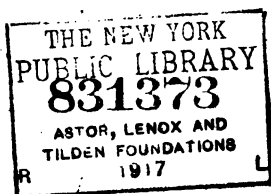
NEW HAVEN: YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

MDCCCCXVII

LSB



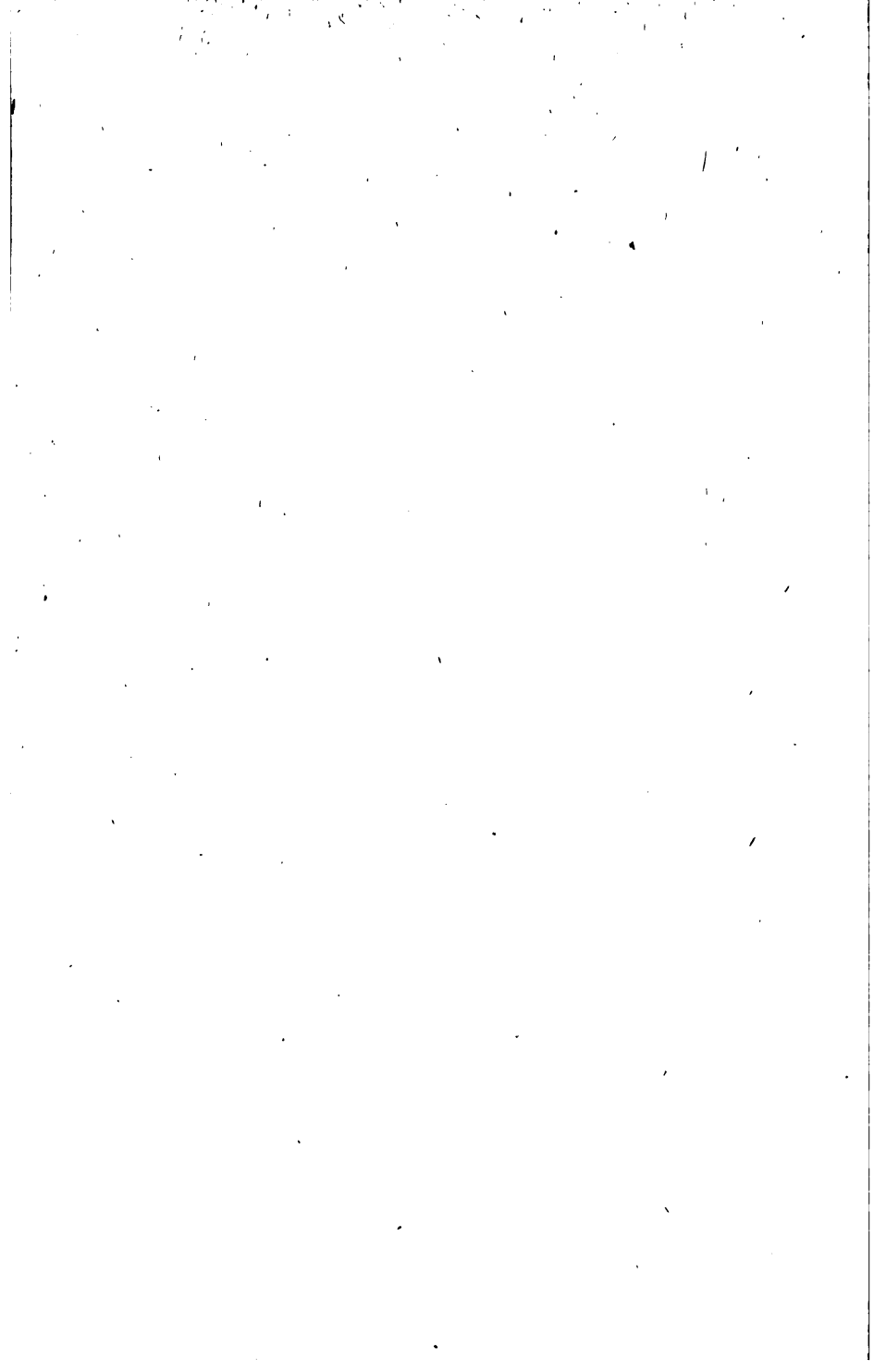
Y. W. N.
L. B. U.
A. S. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917
BY YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

First published, October, 1917

Acknowledgment is made, with thanks, to *Adventure*, *Ainslee's Magazine*, *The American Magazine*, *The Bookman*, *The Boston Transcript*, *The Century Magazine*, *The Forum*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The International*, *Life*, *Metropolitan*, *Munsey's Magazine*, *The New York Evening Sun*, *The New York Times*, *The Outlook (London)*, *The Phoenix*, *Post Lore*, *Poetry*, *Poetry Review (London)*, *Rogue*, *The Royal Bermuda Gazette*, *The Smart Set*, *Town Topics* and other magazines for permission to reprint such of the following as have appeared in their pages.

1377, Dec. 27, 1911.



TO
MY MOTHER

WHOM LOVE AND SELF-DENIAL
HAVE LIFTED TO HEIGHTS
BEYOND THE POWERS OF TRIBUTE



*My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world
In humours like the people of this world. . . .
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again. . . . Whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.*

—KING RICHARD II, Act V, Scene 5.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
Masters of Earth	1
The East and the West:	
Buddha	3
Mater Dolorosa	4
The Wolf	5
Measure for Measure	6
A Twilight Impression	8
Ballade of Perfumes	9
Parabalou Yale!	11
Bargains	16
The Country Fair	17
The Strength of the Hills	19
The Test	20
Sure, It's Fun!	21
Soldier's Song	23
Niella	24
The Return of Baldur	26
The New Beatitude	28
Vive La France!	30
In a Southern Garden	31

Hymn before Dawn	32
Antipodes	34
The Casuist	35
Her Eyes	36
The Castles of Youth	37
The Garden of Moonlight	38
The Coquette	39
Diana's Song	40
March in Bermuda	41
A Maid of the Wood	42
Yolande's Song	43
June	44
Heavenborn	46
The Golden Plover	47
Gnomes and Gnomides:	
Comparisons	52
A Grain of Truth	52
The Empty Ring	52
Winter	53
From a Club Window	53
Each to His Liking	53
Colonel Roosevelt in Dominica	54
The Young Soldier	54
Heredity	55
Spell of the Orient	58
A West Indian Dance	60

Constantinople	61
To Maxfield Parrish	64
Joseph Conrad (Korzeniowski)	65
Rodin	66
Richard Le Gallienne: Poet	67
Cervantes (Tercentenary)	68
To Sarah Bernhardt	69
"Neither Brute nor Human"	70
To the Memory of Gilbert Little Stark	72
April's Fool	74
The Key of Heaven	76
The Violin	78
Motoring by Night	80
Reactions:	
To a Life-Plant	81
To a Vireo	81
To an Old Sugar Maple	82
The House of Silence	83
A Mother to Her First-born	85
The Presence	86
Trebizond	87



MASTERS OF EARTH

Man runs half lame and walks half blind,
Though boasting rulership of earth:
The birds were fellows with the wind
Before he learned his worth.

What though they travel half by dark!
From pole to pole the world was theirs
Within five suns from when the ark
Released their kind in pairs.

There is no mountain lost in clouds,
No headland of eternal snow,
No reef laid out with spindrift shrouds
They were not first to know.

• The gulfs of East, the bays of West,
The lakes and seas of South and North,
Were fleeced with gulls at pilgrim-rest
When Jason wandered forth.

The nightingale, which through the spring
Could bow a haughty Pharaoh's crown,
In Britain's August dusk would sing
Away some Druid's frown.

As far apart as moon and sun
Were Nile and Thames those dragon days:
Unknown to each were they made one
By songster's undreamed ways.

Unknown to both were Aztec glyph
And Norseman's rune: before them all
Each palm-plumed cay and pine-maned cliff
Had heard the swallow's call.

More than a fabled fount of youth
Was Florida: Alaska's wealth
Flowed free, a treasure rich as truth,
On Nature's range of health.

Man schemes half mind and acts half heart;
For ages he has thieved and slain:
The birds—how glorious their part,
How innocent of pain!

Theirs is no furrowed, blighted course,
No flame-sowed sky, no blood-stained firth:
Masters of air without remorse,
Masters are they of earth!

THE EAST AND THE WEST

And there I beheld a Buddha upon a base that had the form of a great lotus-flower, and the gilding was for the most part darkened by incense. And beside the Buddha stood an image of Mary, our Holy Mother. Upon her cheeks were carven the arrows of tears, and from her eyes real tears seemed ever about to fall. It was as if the living woman grieved before me. Buddha and Mary! "The East and the West," said my heart.—"Viajes en Mejico," by Jorge de Morjo-y Zampuco.

BUDDHA

Aloof, profound, ignoring Fate and Death,
He dreams upon a gorgeous lotus-throne;
To whom world cataclysms are a breath
Fanning the Angkor Tom's most massive stone.

Immutably serene: man's hopes and fears
Are phantoms to his introspective gaze
Which plumbs below the deepest well of tears
And soars above the highest crown of praise.

To him the perfumed chanting of the East
Is as the sea's resurgence in a shell;
Eternity, his temple; Silence, priest;
And Life, the tinkle of a muffled bell.

MATER DOLOROSA

Human are those eyes of sorrow,
Mother's eyes that seem to pray:
"Think, my Dear Ones, of the Morrow!
Winter follows May."

Eyes made soft by love's compassion,
Eyes made warm by love that grows,
Eyes that see in woman-fashion
Thorns behind the rose.

Eyes appealing, interceding:
"God, they know not what they do;
They are still the same unheeding
Children Jesus knew.

"Spare them, help them, for their brother!
Put away your mace of pride!
'Twas not he, but I, his mother,
Whom they crucified!"

THE WOLF

With the breath of the wolf upon my neck
I feast upon the breathless stars:
Arrow and Lyre are at my beck,
Alcor am I to all Mizars.
But the breath of the wolf is on my neck!
How shall I match high Algebar's
Girdle and sword of ageless light?
How shall I shun this Thing that mars
The spirit, blasts the heart with blight?
For the breath of the wolf is on my neck!
Only for flesh the wolf-pack yearn;
With blood alone the wolf-maw streams;
Only in lust the wolf-eye gleams:
For blood and flesh to evil burn.
And the breath of the wolf is on my neck!
Heartened, I drink the star-brimmed night,
My back to That which whines and harrs;
But can I feast in fast's despite
Uncheered by patient Balthazars?
Ah, the breath of the wolf is on my neck!
Have I the strength to scorn the scars,
The iron fearlessness to check
That which would tear me from the stars?—
The breath of the wolf upon my neck!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

AND ONE ANSWERED: Lord,
Of a truth, brave Lord,
I am all the follies and yet
I have sinned not blindly,
But bravely, as a man; so let
My punishment be as brave,
Albeit courage win not Heaven.
What hast thou done, brave man?
All things that man can do, brave Lord.
Whatsoever Hell thou choose,
That Hell is thine.

AND ONE ANSWERED: Lord,
Of a truth, kind Lord,
I am weak but humble, and yet
I have erred not often,
And kindly have I been; so let
Thy judgment be as kind,
Howbeit meekness gain not Heaven.
What hast thou done, kind man?
Most things that man may do, kind Lord.
Whatsoever Heaven thou choose,
That Heaven is thine.

AND ONE ANSWERED: Lord,
Of a truth, O Lord,
Who am I to answer? . . . And yet
I have lived, Life-Giver,
And oh, how sweet was life! So let
Its sweetness cling and lo,
I shall but live again . . . in Heaven.
What hast thou done, O man?
Thou only knowest true, O Lord.
Whatsoever Heaven thou choose,
That Heaven is mine.

A TWILIGHT IMPRESSION

My window is a picture-frame;
Though modest white its uncarved rim,
The feast it holds when day grows dim
Would put a master's brush to shame:

Grass that is rippling green save where
Lean earth thrusts out an empty hand
Or apple-trees are spreading, bland
With burdens that enrich the air.

Closer, a pine-branch etches black
The rainbowed copper of the reach.
Louder and louder booms the beach;
Softer the pine's sough answers back.

Tenuous fading colors edge
The purple frieze of western woods,
And now the chuckling tide-rip hoods
Darkly the last near-lying sedge.

Art, do your fingers, born of man,
Capture this fleeting loveliness?
Listen! a bird's wild note! Confess,
You cannot paint the soul of Pan.

BALLADE OF PERFUMES

Haunting the air float perfumes of all time,
Phantoms of nard anointing unknown kings,
Wraiths of the incense circling orient clime,
Ghosts of the myrrh that clouded Nike's wings.
Cinnamon, aloes, champak—spicy things
Strange to the nostrils freight each sunny ray:
To me more pregnant is the storm that brings
The tang and tingle of the clean salt spray.

Jinn of the East pervade our smoke and grime,
Heavy with musk that wreathed the tombs of Mings,
Flaunting about our streets of nauseous slime
Sandalwood, jingko's sacred offerings,
Swooning patchouli, whiff that stirs and clings—
Seeking to drug our senses to their sway:
To me more potent is the spume that flings
The tang and tingle of the clean salt spray.

Fragrancy streams from jasmine, cedar, lime;
Odorous rapture high in the orchid swings;
Out of exotic berry, leaf and cyme
Lovely, alive, the clever pander wrings
Attars to tempt all vain soft overlings—
Essenced delight for all with purse to pay:
To me all-priceless is the brine that stings,
The tang and tingle of the clean salt spray.

ENVOY

Flora, altho your wood-and-meadow springs
Ravish and rule while blossomed fresh by May
Too brief their hour: forever Triton sings
The tang and tingle of the clean salt spray.

PARABALOU . . . YALE!

Βρεκεκεκέξ—

Have I the Greek of it?

Probably not,

Though Greek was my forte

In those enchanted days when blood was hot

And conscience cold,

With twice Odysseus' wiles if half as old;

When I was only "I,"

All heart to spend, all heartless as I cashed

The often more-than-monthly checks

Coaxed from a drudging father

(Money was such a bother!),—

Days when all fruit seemed ripe,

All mine to pick; when, armed with pipe

And jaunty airs, I bet and drank and mashed,

Smirking my pride when hailed a good old sport.

Don Juan? No, a masquerading grind

Who nursed within his secret mind

Worlds of conceit at skill to scan

Satiric Aristophanes,

To bell with ease

The Attic vowel.

Brekekekex!

As Greek or college cry

One Lar exempt from "Why?"

Lightly to speak of it
Would have been to court
A sophomoric scowl;
To hint at fluency so soon forgot—
Fancy a Roman stammering "Vivat Rex!"
Life glowed a four years' span:
Why gaze beyond with so much to perplex
A boy who played at being man?

Βρεκεκεκεξὲ κοῦξ κοῦξ—
Like chicken-tracks
My present lettering of Greek,
O Eagle tongue which I could all but speak!
There was something exquisite
In the very look of it:
Rho,—the very crook of it
Was a joy to make!
The wooing name of Zeus
Seemed his best excuse
For un-Olympian folly.
There was nothing base nor weak
In rare Aphrodite's loves,
Though her tributary doves
Ever seemed to fly to me
Winged with melancholy.
It was no task to stay awake
When it came time to cram
Upon the spring exam.
Artemis would sigh to me

And fill my ears with music of the moon. . . .
Some lusty shout below
Would break the spell too soon.
Adream in Arcady! Then . . . "O—h!
Stick out your head!"
And reek of Heub's instead.

Βρεκεκεκὲξ κοῦξ κοῦξ—ὦπ—?
A rower's cry, I think;
But now the sound and swing of it
Call to mind the Co-op.
Books, books, books!
What a lot they cost:
Good cash, hard cash, scarce cash—lost!
O-op! . . . O-op!
Now I hear the ring of it
Swelling from the Field.
Yes, I'd fairly gulp and blink
When it meant that we had won;
Then I'd dance until I reeled,
Maddened by the fling of it.
How my heart would ache and sink
When it—but the team had done
All that any heroes could.
It was clearly understood
That they suffered more than we.
"Next year! Next year!" was the song in me!

Βρεκεκεκὲξ κοῦξ κοῦξ, ὦπ ὦπ. Παραβαλοῦ—?
O Memory, to play my brain such tricks!

Am I so old that you,
 A loudly boasted friend,
 Must drowse? Or have you fled
 Defaulter of a wholly trusted word?
 Or was it gibberish absurd,
 The croaking mockery of frogs?
 Vague as the source of fables yawns the Styx;
 But the crisp words evoking sombre shores,
 The silver flood of metaphors—
 They were not dead,
 Nor that incomparable tongue
 In which man's last farewell was sung.
 Parabalou!
 I grope without a clue.
 Am I the least of learning's jam of logs,
 I who made sure on scholarship to stand?
 Ah! . . . I have it! "Put to land!"
 The vortex of that whirlpool we call living
 Had all but sucked away my winded faith.
 Culture, be lenient, forgiving!
 We live so fast
 That soon we leave behind our deeper past
 Paced only by its egotistic wraith.

Βρεκεκεκεξ κοάξ κοάξ, ὥπ ὥπ. Παραβαλου—Yale!
 No doubt assails me there!
 That word reads plainly, more than plainly now,
 Spice to my palate as a home-brewed ale;
 Cherished, distinct and fair

As if its letters laureled soft my brow:
Like "love," as simply said;
Like love, how much it means. . . .
Oh, more, a thousand times
Than when its banners led
My feet to joyful' scenes.
Yale! . . . Yale! . . . Yale!
I hear, I hear, the Chapel chimes
Pouring their blessings on the dreams I had
Of great endeavors and of greater deeds,—
I, the small target of conflicting creeds,
Three quarters good and yet three quarters bad.
Yale! . . . Yale! . . . Yale!
That is not Greek; and still, as I look back,
I know that it was far more Greek to me
Than cryptic lines of Grecian poesy.
Was I more young than others in my lack
Of insight, forethought, grasp of future needs?
Lux et Veritas! Lux et Veritas!
Blazoned before my eyes!
Surely I read; for who could pass
So blindly, even myopic youth?
Lux et Veritas! Lux et Veritas!
To shun all paths which count on cloaking night;
To walk alone sooner than crutched by lies:
Light and Truth,
Truth the pollen of Light,
Spirit of Yale, Yale, Yale!

BARGAINS

From its cramped couch of murky amethyst
Manhattan loomed, gilt towers and parapets
A jumbled mass of giant silhouettes
Shrouded by urban morning's tarnished mist—
What scene more pregnant to the satirist
Than this vast sheol built by marionettes
Whose strings are their own fancied needs, and debts
Owed to the millionaire philanthropist.

"For less than thirty dollars, it was bought—
All of that island—so the records run,"
Drawled out a bronzed old seaman. "Folks allow,
I reckon, 'twas a bargain price. Aye, naught,
In truth, for woodlands singing in the sun;
But who with eyes would buy what it is now?"

THE COUNTRY FAIR

I went to a country fair—
Races and trinkets and shows!
The world and his wife were there,
But never a country rose.

Races and trinkets and shows,
Whithersoever I turned;
But never a country rose
Was found or half discerned.

Whithersoever I turned,
Bold tongue; and bolder eye
Was found or half discerned
Saying, "I'm here to buy."

Bold tongue and bolder eye!
Disgust I could not quell,
Saying, "I'm here to buy
What no one has to sell!"

Disgust I could not quell
Nor longing for my goal.
"What no one has to sell
Is an unvenal soul."

Nor, longing for my goal,
Had I the heart to leave.
"Is an unvenal soul
Only a false reprieve?"

Had I the heart to leave
The dream my hope had spun,—
Only a false reprieve
Like many another one?

The dream my hope had spun,
The world and his wife were there.
Like many another one
I went to a country fair.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

By day, upon my golden hill
Between the harbor and the sea,
I feel as if I well could fill
The world with golden melody.
There is no limit to my view,
No limit to my soft content,
Where sky and water's fairy blue
Merge to the eye's bewilderment.

At dusk, upon my purple knoll
'Twixt flaming sea and harbor's gloom,
I feel as if I well could toll
The round of passion and of doom.
Seldom were outlooks more unlike,
My melancholy half so keen;
For flare and cinder cannot strike
Morning's enkindling, kindly mean.

Tonight, upon my sombre naze
With gleam of silvered waters lit,
I feel as if I well could praise
The moon and not dishonor it.
Never was loveliness more pure
Or never seen by eyes of mine;
But oh, my measures need the sure
Magic of beauty as divine!

THE TEST

There are no two men who act alike:
They may try and try, but the way of each
Differs as much as the varying bloom
Of every different peach.

Man or tree, it's a matter of soil,
Of sun and rain, stock, branch and flower,
Whether the fruit shall fall to rot
Or ripen to helpful power.

Let unconcern graft the best of sprigs
On a limb that runs not pure of sap,
Blossoms will fail or droop and wilt,
Though cuddled in June's own lap.

Even when buds have burgeoned fair—
Pledge of a rich, uncantered crop—
If slackly pruned, surrendered to scale,
Their yield will waste and drop.

False is the refuge of surface health:
At the first keen glance or the first sharp tooth,
Fruitage, whether of tree or man,
Is marked as lie or truth.

SURE, IT'S FUN!

What fun to be a soldier!

—EVERYKID.

Sure, its fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
Upon an iron shoulder-blade to tote a feather gun;
To hike with other brave galoots in easy-going army-
boots;
To pack along a one-ounce sack, the commissary on your
track;
To tramp, tramp, tramp, to a right-and-ready camp!
Fun?—Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

Yes, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
To loaf along a level road beneath a cloudless sun
Or over fields of golden grain, kept cool by puffs of wind
and rain;
Then richly, more-than-fully, fed, to stretch upon a downy
bed
And sleep, sleep, sleep, while the stay-at-homes weep!
Fun?—Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

Oh, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
To catch the silly enemy and get 'em on the run;
To here and there blow off a head with just a bit of
chuckling lead;

To bayonet a foolish bloke at hide-and-seek in trench and
smoke;

To shóot, shoot, shoot, till they've got no legs to scoot!
Fun?—Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

God, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
To lie out still and easy when your day's sport's done;
With not a thing to worry for, nor anything to hurry for;
Not hungry, thirsty, tired, but a hero much-admired,
Just dead, dead, dead, like Jack and Bill and Fred!
Fun?—Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

SOLDIER'S SONG

*I shall return, my lass, my lass;
I shall be with you in the spring.
War, like winter, will pass, will pass.
I shall return!*

This is no final kiss I give:
There will be more in months to come.
Courage! Droop not gray and dumb!
I shall live on . . . as you will live.

How do I know? I cannot say.
Ask of the robins southward bound!
Love, we too shall both be found
Here with a song this coming May.

*I shall return, my lass, my lass;
I shall be with you in the spring.
War, like winter, will pass, will pass.
I shall return!*

NIELLA

1

With a kiss she waved him from her door,
And smiled for all the rain.
"O boy, my boy. . . . tomorrow night
You shall be my light again!"

2

Morning danced through the village street:
The world was gay and warm with gold.
Niella dreamed of moments sweet
Spent with her lover bold.

The rosy skein of her dreams was snapped
By soldiers' heavy crunching tread.
She stared and shrank like a creature trapped,
Paled like a creature dead.

Eight tramped past her window,
Three and one and three;
In the rear a sergeant stiff and stern:
And all but one marched free.

3

Now dull their tramp, now duller still;
 Fainter; fading away. . . .
 Harsh fell the silence, brutal, till
 It seemed to lash and flay:
 And then a crackling came, to shrill
 Beyond the bournes of day!

4

Seven tramped past her window,
 Two and two and two;
 In the rear the sergeant stiff and stern:
 But her blank eyes looked him through.

The soldiers' heavy crunching tread
 Beat on her ears like a hurricane;
 Her mad heart seethed like molten lead;
 Black torrents leached her brain.

The sun turned gray like a sodden coal;
 She did not move, she did not cry.
 Snuffed out at last was her guttered soul:
 She had no death to die.

5

Alone she crouched against her door,
 Blind to the wishing moon.
 "Oh, boy! My boy!"—but her lips were dumb—
 "That night should come so soon!"

THE RETURN OF BALDUR

They held high feast in Asgard Easter Day;
For, marking that the world of man smoked black
Despite the pleadings of the mating spring,
Odin rejoiced and welcomed to his board
All of the blood-gods, Moloch, Mars, Kwan Yu,
Monsters from Egypt, India, Babylon,
Brutal Assyria, beasts with scaly wings,
Truculent catlike claws and breath of fire;
And, lightning from the West, the quetzal-plumed
Hare of the Aloes and his serpent drum.
And these derided Him of Calvary,
And with new skulls cast lots, Set jeering: "Foh!
His followers are ours at heart. Alike
They lean to us; so let their rolling heads
Point at whose altars they shall bow with gifts!"
Laughter crashed out; shivered and sank, untongued:
A wraith, fair as a eucharist lily,
Glowed in their midst, moon-wistful, wreathed with stars
That trembled on a brow which arched twin dawns.
Then Odin: "Thou! Baldur, my son, my son!"
And Baldur: "I. Thy word, Father, the word
Whispered so tenderly as I lay lost—
Hast thou at last forgotten it? How else
Would any father bid his son farewell?
Courage. No marvel none of you hath guessed.

Who save your butt hath bosomed it for death,
Hanging, the scorn of soldiers, to redeem
What ye would rack for tribute, lolling safe?
Oh, I have wandered far, oh, far! Know this:
Men are but mites, and yet their dreams are big.
They lose themselves, but faced with such as ye,
Would find their souls surging on holy hate.
Even your shadows turn them to the sun;
Swaying to light, soon they will swing to love!
And here gleams proud Valhalla, hero'd once—
Wouldst thou refill it, Sire, with less than men?"
O Eyes of glory! Odin's face was drawn.
O Eyes of glory, eyes of golden dawn!

THE NEW BEATITUDE

In gay Brabant I have danced till the night turned
rose,
All the health and the wealth of a Rubens before my eye;
In meadows which only the trampler of byways knows,
I have drunk of the joys of life beneath a sky
Glad of the Angelus, gladdened by love-looks shy
And the laughter of children and songs of men who mow;
All that I hear today is the harsh dull cry :
Blessed are they which died a year ago!

In Picardy, whose most mischief-bent of foes
Was the tranquil Somme; where art could beautify
Each hamlet with noble shrines that spelled repose,
And the kindly peasant had never a thought to deny
A bed or a snack to the stranger wandering by,—
In gentle, smiling Picardy, all aglow
With poppies amid ripe wheat, goes up the sigh:
Blessed are they which died a year ago!

In Poland the proud whose bounds, erased, enclose
Broad lands which swelled and rippled rich with rye;
Which sadly, bravely, watched the swarming crows
Of East, West, South, rob it of wings to fly,—
In Poland the royal, stripped to a ruined sty,
Rasps through the reek this whisper raucous and low
(And surely the rattle of death conceals no lie):
Blessed are they which died a year ago!

ENVOY

Lord Prince of Peace, who for men's sins didst die,
Let them not reap the whirlwind that they sow!

Leaven of Life, do not Thou too reply:

Blessed are they which died a year ago!

VIVE LA FRANCE!

"France is dying."

—HINDENBURG.

If France is dying, she dies as day
In the splendor of noon, sun-aureoled.
If France is dying, then youth is gray
And steel is soft and flame is cold.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, she dies as love
When a mother dreams of her child-to-be.
If France is dying, then God above
Died with His Son upon the Tree.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, true manhood dies,
Freedom and justice, all golden things.
If France is dying, then life were wise
To borrow of death such immortal wings.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

IN A SOUTHERN GARDEN

Bermudian heath, a band in plumy green
With scarlet trumpets, lines one mossy wall;
Cascades of pigeonberry,
Lavender-crested, undulate and fall
Over another's snowy flank; the sheen
Of virgin's-bower makes bright the rest,
Each blossom like a moonlit fairy
In bridal best.

Rich bougainvillea vaults a trim kiosk,
Its purple glumes enheavening tiny stars;
A fruitful avocado
Shelters with glossy leaves capacious jars
Of ferns: on every side invites some bosk
Brilliant with flowers, till it would seem
One step must lead to El Dorado,
Youth's golden dream.

Beauty and fragrance bless the quiet air:
All the sweet blooms which patience earns are here.
In pebbled path, clipped border,
In weeded bed and fresh-pruned shrub appear
The signs, the proofs, of stern but loving care.
Strange how man guards mere earth's increase,
Yet cannot keep himself in order
Or grow in peace.

HYMN BEFORE DAWN

Through the clerestories of Heaven
Tremble a myriad lights,
A radiant choir that whispers:
"The heaven is night's;
But the night is God's,
His hour of doubt,
Our vigil of constancy!"

Deep in the chapels of Heaven,
Visible and invisible,
Wheel the Faithful Seven.
Hearken to Jupiter,
Bishop empyreal, shout:
"The heaven is night's;
But the night is God's,
His hour of doubt,
Our nocturns of loyalty!"

Lo! The altar of Heaven!
Its shadows are fading,
Melting to roseate haze,
Nimbed with flames that are singing:
"The heaven is ours
Since the heaven is day's;

But the day is God's,
His hour of hope,
Our lauds of faith:
The day is God's,
Life-bringing,
Heart of His clemency!"

ANTIPODES

I leave you, and I leave the sun—
The sun and moon I leave behind,
Yet smile who know you safe in one
Sweet spot where sun and moon are kind;
I smile who know you safely dream
Within their friendly glowing bars:
I leave with you the moon and sun
And only take the stars.

There is a sweetness in your loss:
We part for such a little while.
I watch the beaming Southern Cross
And smile.

You leave me, and you take the sun—
No sun or moon you leave behind;
I pray from dusk till night is done
With hands that seek but never find;
I pray the sun, I pray the moon,
That you are safe within their bars,—
You who have taken moon and sun
And left me—with the stars.

Each footfall mocks me with your loss;
The moments drag to ages gray.
I watch the dimming Northern Cross
And pray.

THE CASUIST

Had I met her anywhere
But the place we chanced to meet,
Would I, would I, O my Soul,
Have considered her so fair,
Found her half so sweet?
Would I, O my inner Soul,
Have designed her for my goal?

Heart, O Heart, you ask who know!
It was praise you wanted then
Praise and love and love she gave,
Love which set itself so low
That it thought you brave.
Will you find such faith again
Anywhere or anywhen?

HER EYES

All the night long
Her eyes have haunted me,
All the warm glow
Gone from their deep soft brown!
All the night long
Their pain has daunted me,
And put me in the wrong,
And weighed me down.
"Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh . . . !"
They seemed to say,
"Why did you go?
Why did you go?
I sent you away,
I know;
But dreamed you wanted me
Enough to stay!"

THE CASTLES OF YOUTH

I have built castles in Spain
—Spain of the rosy dream,
Where never the moon can wane
 Yet ever the sun must beam—
Their moats a magic sea
 No ship may furrow through,
Unless its captain be
 Myself; the compass, You!

And castles I've built of air
 Bastioned by dawn and eve,
With towers that soar to where
 Benignant angels weave
Rainbows of melting hue,
 Weave them to arc a sky
Whose smiling light is You,
 Whose vanquished storm is I.

THE GARDEN OF MOONLIGHT

You seemed so young today,
So rosy-fresh and wild,
That to court you no more entered my thought
Than to wed a child.
Good gardeners do not pick the buds of May,
Lest June should yield them naught.
Had I been young like you,
My hands might have reached out thoughtlessly,
As young hands do.

But now beneath the moon. . . .
Is it that you have aged
Or that I grow young or suddenly mad,
By spring enraged?
Good gardeners wait to pick the flowers of June,
Though May buds can be had.
Were I as young as you,
My hands would reach out selfishly,
As—— Ah, they do!

THE COQUETTE

Do you not feel, who fail to see,
That every look which lights my eyes
Is but a leaping of the flames
Which from your presence rise?
How can you fail to see or feel
What all my glances must reveal,
What others easily surprise
And twit in spite of me?

Do you not feel, who fail to hear,
That every word which shakes my voice
Is but a love-song of the thoughts
Which in your sight rejoice?
How can you fail to hear or feel
What all my pride may not conceal;
When others, nudging, mark my choice
The instant you draw near?

Do you not feel—alas, you know
My every word, my every look:
Plain are they both to such as you
Who read men like a book.
You have not failed to see or hear,
But *feel*—how may you, whose veneer
Of tender giving cannot brook
The rights some gifts bestow.

DIANA'S SONG

Strange that my lips were songless with you near me,
Since in your nearness all of me was song;
That, with you far, they ring out brave with pæan
And move the strong.

Strange that my lips are songful when you leave me,
Since in your loss my heart has ceased to sing;
And strangely sweet: though autumn rule their cadence,
The song is spring.

Strange is it? No! The moon that dreams enshadowed,
Wakes when the earth divides her from the sun:
Near you, I reel in heaven; afar, reflect you,
My Golden One!

MARCH IN BERMUDA

A pride-of-India breaks in bloom
Above me as I dreaming lie,
And films with green and lilac lace
The even azure of the sky;
Beyond, below, a kaffir-boom
Drops scarlet blossoms on the face
Of waters of so fair a blue,
I seem to see the eyes of you!

A cardinal alights and swings
Above me as I dreaming lie,
And pipes devotion to his mate
Upon a cedar bough near by;
Afar, unseen, with rapture sings
A vireo whose trills elate
By joy of life so sweet, so true,
I seem to hear the voice of you!

The sun has reached its highest point
Above me as I dreaming lie,
Nor can the grass or all of me
Its net of gray and gold defy:
I feel a welcome warmth anoint
My brow, then flood me like the sea,—
So warm as flame, so fresh as dew,
I seem to feel the touch of you!

A MAID OF THE WOOD

I sought my love at home, at home,
On village green, in field and wood;
And sweet was one and fleet was one
And one was simply good.

But she who was sweet refused to roam,
And she who was fleet outstripped my pace,
And she who was good was only good,
Lacking a comely face.

I sought my love afar, afar,
On city street, at play and booth;
And cold was one and bold was one
And one was as straight as truth.
But she who was cold was as a star,
And she who was bold soon flickered out,
And she of the truth demanded truth
And fled my arms in doubt.

So back I went alone, alone,
And, lonely, deemed it wise to wed
Her of the wood, the simply good:
The youth in me was dead.
But the house in the wood was like a stone,
And the face once good was hard and gray—
I can hear her now: "Your love is dead:
You took her heart away!"

YOLANDE'S SONG

Princely he seemed when riding up,
Noble and brave as his rich array,
His plea the truth in a maiden's eyes,
His prayer to drink of a maiden's eyes,
 His pledge to drink and stay!
But the first sip won proved a stirrup-cup:
His golden vows were gilded lies!
My Prince of Dreams came riding up,
 Only to ride away.

A knave! So this was the boon of Fate!
Yet there in the dust where our pathways crossed,
Prudence was born to a maiden's heart,
Womanhood bloomed in a maiden's heart:
 Amends for an idol lost!
Smiling, I sped him from the gate;
Dry-eyed, I watched my Prince depart;
Nor wept when left alone with Fate:
 But oh, the Dreams it cost!

JUNE

Floating on a willow pond,
You and I,
With a silver wishing moon,
Fairy-shy,
Sinking till it hung careening
On a surging hill near by.
O the wistfulness of June,
O its mystery of meaning,
Lost soon, lost soon!

Floating on a willow pond,
We alone:
Water-lilies everywhere
Softly shone,
Stars on waters shadowed faintly,
Stars too lovely to be known.
O the wonder of you there
In the singing silence, saintly
As if made of holy air!
O the innocence of June,
Lost soon, lost soon!

Floating on a willow pond,
You and I:
Time and wisdom seemed to swoon
Like the sky:

Hearts were tremulously burning
Though our souls were soaring high.
O the dreamfulness of June,
O its purity of yearning,
Lost soon, lost soon!

HEAVENBORN

There are some maids whose lips are sweet
And hands are sweet, but only you
Are fragrançy from head to feet,
All sweetness through and through!

And some there are whose eyes are kind
And arms are kind, but only one
Within whose eyes and arms I find
The stars and moon and sun!

THE GOLDEN PLOVER

A song for you, golden plover:
Not the song of a lover
Who dreams of a blush,
Nor the song for a thrush
Whose music is tremulous, sweet;
But a song for a heart that dares tempest or hush,
A measure for wings that are fleet.

Fleet . . . fleet . . . fleet . . . !
Who but the winds can trace you, chase you?
Flutter of lightning, you southward sweep,
To the wonder of thunder you overleap.
Faster . . . faster . . . faster . . . !
Who but the winds can face you, pace you?
Fearless of foaming and booming and crash;
Scorner of breeze, adorer of zephyr;
Come . . . gone . . . in a flash!
Speedier . . . speedier . . . speedier . . . !
Who but the winds can overtake you?
Who but a gale can check and shake you?
Who but a hurricane can make you
Drop to the earth whose worth shall wake you
From your frenzied trance of flight?

Like a volley of shot your flocks alight,
Scattering gracefully over the sedge,
Palled in spume from the cauldron's edge.
Surer than furrow's is breaker's pledge:
Whom the welter of sea and sky invite,
On the lands of man show sudden fright.

A song for you, golden plover:
Not the song for a lover
Who dreams of a flush
Of delicate plumes that gleam as they hover
Over a flower they make less fair;
But a song of wings whose miraculous rush
Is measure atune with the air.

Warriors, not courtiers you,
Your courting season through,—
Dotterel darts, defeathered sober,
Mellowed with yellow by brisk October,
Who, from his Nova Scotian post,
Hurls you over the swirled Atlantic—
Hurls you, pipers corybantic—
Straight for the Venezuelan coast:
Two thousand miles! two thousand miles!
While the gods of Air crowd heaven's aisles,
With loud-fleered taunts for the vaunting boast
That man is peer of their wing-born host.

"Aie! . . . Aie! . . . Aie! . . ."
Whines the rancorous Sheol of winds.

Out of the ooze of the sulphurous Gulf
Sprints into fury the Mocker of Masts,
Snarls through the Caribs and harries with blasts:
Shrieking seeks you, sprites from the North;
Ruffles and buffets you, grapples to check you;
With maniac might would baffle and wreck you
But for the bow of sabre-reefed isles
Which, faint through the rack of desolate miles,
Whispers, encourages, beckons you forth,
Calls you to fall from the maelstrom of wiles:
"Oh-èh! . . . Oh-èh! . . . Oh-èh! . . .
Safety we promise and shelter and rest
From the sweltering Fiend of the foul Southwest!"
Reek of the fray of streaking gray
Moans the cheated Harpy of winds:
"Woh! . . . Woh! . . . Woh! . . . "

On the shoulder of Night expires her rage;
So melts the ocean's counter-wrath:
Day blooms . . . like a rose on a beryl path
In the Garden of Peace of the Golden Age.

Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee!
Joy but no peace for you, golden plover:
Only in June may you play the lover,
Satined in wooing black and gold.
Till then the leagues that you will cover—
The lands beneath your wings unrolled—
Are all the leagues of land that stretch
North and south of the western Line.

Wee-o-weel Wee-o-weel Wee-o-weel!
From Labrador of the fog-wreathed pine,
Down through Bermuda's salt-stained vetch;
Over the Amazon's maze of vine,
Into the pampas of Argentine:
Leaf of the earth or scud of the sea,
You pattern the summer's ascendant sign,
Shunning all scenes that are sun-bereft.
Wee-o-weel Wee-o-weel Wee-o-weel!
Spring of the North is astir, golden plover!
Up and a-wing to its glad decree!
Back, with a ridge of the world to your left,
You mottle the length of a continent's chine
To weave through Alaska's tundra-weft
The gold of your annual jubilee: '
There joy and peace to love combine!
Wee-o-weel Wee-o-weel Wee-o-weel!

Coodle! . . . Coodle!—Hist!
Your golden rest is over:
Off with your splendor! Away, away!
On with the coat of the rover!
Dip it and dye it in eastern mist!
Plunge again, skimming the dun Atlantic,
Blazing your southerly cycle, frantic!
Swing with the moon, mad darts of October,
Shafts that are swift as her rays but more sober,
Stealing her motes and the sky's autumn gray!
Away from the love of the North that elates you!
Off to the feast of the South that awaits you!

Flutter and rise with the joy that translates you
To sprites of the air from brownies of clay!
Onward! onward, spirits of fleetness! . . .
Faster! . . . faster! . . . speedier! . . . speedier!—
Gone! Vanished! Lost like the sweetness
Of dawn in the ripening power of day!

GNOMES AND GNOMIDES

COMPARISONS

Jupiter, lost to Vega's realm,
Lights his lamp from the sun-ship's helm:
Big as a thousand earths, and yet
Dimmed by the glow of a cigarette!

A GRAIN OF TRUTH

Self-satisfied are most of us,
Except when singled out for praise;
And then the larger host of us
Put on youth's most embarrassed ways,
Disclaiming any marked success
Or claiming all unworthiness,
And—no, not one in ten has lied:
Self-satisfied are most of us,
But with what little satisfied.

THE EMPTY RING

Love came dancing down the valley,
Golden honey in her hands:
Life lacked time to dillydally,
Squeezing money from his lands.

Life, by all but gold forsaken,
- Wooed with money in his hands:
Love had vanished, having taken
All the honey from his lands.

WINTER

Hunger and cold and sullen hate
Shuffle the iron street:
What wealth is this that grows too great
For kindness, food and heat?

FROM A CLUB WINDOW

Life, as I see young old men fight
With sails or rifle, scheme or faith,
And witness oldish young men pass
This gaudy section of your glass—
I doubt if War may not be right,
Your substance; Peace, your dawdling wraith.

EACH TO HIS LIKING

Champions of cities, had I been country-born,
You might this moment spy me townward-striking,
Famished for all that I have just forsworn,
Sure it would give me freedom. Each to his liking!

COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN DOMINICA

(February, 1916)

A handful of blacks drawn up on the quay of Roseau,
Recruits from a dozing sun-drenched island. We
wondered
How they would face harsh steel and vigil and snow.
Then he spoke, spoke of their glory. As if he had
thundered
The praise of the gods, they straightened and stiffened to
men,
With the look: "Now we are ready to die again and
again!"

THE YOUNG SOLDIER

I saw him carried by:
His face was gray and his tunic tattered and stained:
But I knew from the steel of his mouth, the flint of his
eye,
That his youth remained.

HEREDITY

By day, when busy at my desk,
I dwell at peace, one prosy self
Aloof from visions opalesque,
Though will may sometimes arabesque
My work with fancies vision-won
While fellow to some astral sun:
Will, I have said; but is it will
Which leavens calmness with a thrill,
Belittles learning of the shelf
And what I flatter as my Self?

At least by day I rarely feel
That I am other than I seem:
Wax to a multiquartered seal;
Hereditary idle-wheel
Transmitting to the flesh to come
Voices at loggerheads though dumb
And phantoms of so many a dream
They are more live than people seem.

That I am other than I am
There is no doubt; that is, I know
My ego is a surface dram
In rivers which I cannot dam:
For with the sombre tranquil night

A legion currents foam to light
Swinging me where the strongest flow,
Along strange banks my senses know.

The terraced temples of the East
Rise painted by a pearly moon -
And monstrous shapes, half bird, half beast,
Gaze blindly upon golden-fleeced
Barges of purple where the clash
Of cymbals weds with tabors' crash.
Could I but reach the palmed lagoon
Promised by eyes which star the moon!

Again, I skirt a marble shaft
As graceful as the nymph whose form
Swells from its side. Grief epitaphed
Her virtues; but the way she laughed
Love, though Terpander's, would have failed
To fix the music which prevailed,
A melody which baffled storm
Save in Persephone's dark form.

Are these not oaks that gnarl the shore
And shadow huddled slabs of stone
Scratched with rude lines which keen a lore
My heart was bondman to before
My body cleansed itself of woad
And gave to Christ its bitter load?
And there is one who stands alone
And weeping turns my heart to stone.

Birches are twinkling here, their slim
Trunks no more pliant than the witch
Who gaily hums a solemn hymn
While swaying from a silver limb,
Unconscious of the satyr face
Stretched from its Sunday carapace,
Innocent of thin lips that twitch
To have her theirs or burned for witch.

These are but few of endless scenes:
Since endless can I see them all?
In some I catch the flash of skeans;
In some the glow of mangosteens;
In some the inns of Rabelais;
In some the bridges of Cathay:
Palace or shrine, embattled wall,
They do not heed my voice at all!

By night when all seems hush and peace,
I float the rivers of the past;
But day brings gradual release
Till all these spectral journeys cease,
Letting me hold a sober gait
In keeping with my level fate.
Yet I with other "I"s inwrought
Know man for mask, his every thought,
Impulse and act, from first to last,
For sparks from smithies of the Past!

SPELL OF THE ORIENT

The East! A court of Mecca's gayest khan
Where Berbers jostle Mongols from Kashgar,
And Persians kneel on rugs of Ispahan
Mid smoke of hookah, flash of creese and dhar:
A motley Babel's rasping tintamar
Voiced by all tongues from Tunis to Kabul;
Linked, as a sword-thrust and half-vanished scar,
With incense, palms, sighs, and a lotus pool.

The East! Muezzins chanting the Koran;
Forbidden Lhasa, frowning Kandahar;
The fluted domes of sacred Kairowan;
Tinkling Rangoon and Veda-famed Buxar;
Visioned like pageants witnessed from afar,
Arabian Nights once lived through days at school;
Linked, as adventure and a hushed bazaar,
With incense, palms, sighs, and a lotus pool.

The East! The golden Buddhas of Ho-nan;
Dazzling Golconda, pearly-gulfed Manaar;
Wonders like those still fabled of Kashan
Whose well gushed wealth as from a magic jar;
Barbed arrows dipped in deadly antiar;
Thundering tom-tom, wildly droned arghool;
Linked, as the crimson sun and evening star,
With incense, palms, sighs, and a lotus pool.

SALAAM

Soul of the East, though Juggernaut, your car,
May crush the West which makes it now a tool,
Linked, for the dreamer, is your avatar
With incense, palms, sighs, and a lotus pool.

A WEST INDIAN DANCE

Ho! There's a dance in Ballahou!
B'lip-b'lib-b'lip! . . . be-rum! be-rum!
Hark! The roll of the big *tambou*,
Roll of the goat-skin barrel-drum!

Over the river to old Roseau
Rumbles the call of the *tambouyé*:
Over the river, and faster, flow
The barefoot blacks to their wild *bélé*.

See them grinning—Pierre, Zabette!
Are they going? Who is not!—
In working *jupe*, in gay *douillette*,
In tatters, in no matter what!

Watch them swaying as they come,
Turbanned with every parrot hue!
B'lip-b'lib-b'lip! . . . be-rum! be-rum!
Aie! There's a dance in Ballahou!

CONSTANTINOPLE

(ANN. DOM. 330:1453:1912)

Constantinople! Wise indeed the man
Who chose the Golden Horn to sound his name:
Though muffled by muezzin-called Koran,
His echoed prowess marks the West for shame.

Six thousand hundred times this wheeling earth
Has swung your glories to an eager sun
Since he thanked God for smiling on your birth,
Caesar for Christ from Clyde to Babylon.

Six score have ruled you since he graced that seat
Which crowned the vastness of your Hippodrome
—Europe and Asia mingling at his feet—
Great symbol of terrestrial grandeur . . . Rome!

Six score have ruled you since that golden day,
Armenian, Macedonian, Frank and Greek
—Iconoclasts of all but guilt decay—
And last the Turk: prayers could not save the weak!

Who has not, Queen of Cities, paid you court,
Fawning to win you for imperial bride;
Leaguings, to tremble in a palace-fort,
With pagan brawn and asps of patricide.

Haroun-al-Raschid frowned upon the site
Flowered with gold by Chrysostom the Saint;
Peter the Hermit prayed with many a knight
Where Persia heard her baffled leopard's plaint.

Peasants have grasped the purple to your gain,
Their will your law to lawless Caspian Sea;
Patricians shown your loudest edicts vain
Without the voice of true nobility.

Slowly the eagles that proclaimed your rule
From Carthage to the Euxine Chersonese
Homed to your gates, O soon-to-be Stamboul,
Screeching stale triumphs caged in terror's peace.

And so, while Saracens and Goths and Huns
Surged to your walls as brush for failure's pyre,
Mohammed scorned your carnage-dealing guns
And breached your citadels with living fire.

Fearless your conqueror, fear-proof his host
—Who die for Islam, earn delights divine—
But bravest he who needed courage most,
Falling last Caesar when last Constantine.

Ironic thrust of Time that pricks all power:
A Constantine could rear you strong to God;
A Constantine must face that bitter hour
When Cross bowed down to crescent—Ichabod!

Here is the prophecy: "The Golden Gate
Shall stand to arch our Lord's returning Cross!"
If true, thank God's unvenal headsman, Fate:
His chosen wheat shields Allah's tares from loss.

When Christendom was younger, western kings
Gripped with the infidel to hold a Tomb:
Today their sons give bribes, pull hidden strings
To save the Padishah from easy doom.

(1916)

Janus exacts a twofold revenue
And penalties anticipating Hell's:
The lies of Elba earned a Waterloo;
The double-dealer has his Dardanelles.

As for the peacock whom conceit has made
The Will of God, how swiftly he becomes
Bashibazouk as well as renegade,
Bringing to life the janizaries' drums.

He struts the moment spurring to his death
The moulting pheasant whom his grandsire plucked,
The suns of both dark moons of Astoreth
Sneering on hopes whose sap is vampire-sucked.

Constantinople, near, oh, near the time
When San Sophia shall be sura-cleansed;
And yet for some your matins always chime:
The glasses of the arts are rosy-lensed!

TO MAXFIELD PARRISH

Though like some alchemist of simpler days
You change all base materials into gold,
Yours only are the secrets that unfold
A sky of soft enameled chrysoprase;
Yours only is the veil of magic haze
Through which a terraced garden, wood or wold
Allures with vistas that invite the old
To tread again youth's unforgotten ways.

But dearer still to weary workers penned
In cities are your pools so rich with calm,
Your straight trim cypresses that woo the West
To her last kiss. What fairy crossed your palm
With understanding of just how to blend
With stirring beauty beauty's charm of rest?

JOSEPH CONRAD (KORZENIOWSKI)

Master of British ships within the past,
Master of English in your birth's despite,
As master men will name you though the night
Of coal's onrushing afrit should be cast
Over the final sail-emblazoned mast;
Though oceans shrink, blank mirrors save to flight
Of giant wings, shores be a stale delight,
And East and West grub cheek by jowl at last.

For, from the mouths of rivers that have swept
Through half the world, your sea-sharp ears have learned
All that escaped your steady sea-clear eyes;
And, weighing proudly, fearlessness has kept
Only the deep simplicities, so turned,
Glibber confessions buzz a plague of flies.

RODIN

Cold bronze he has made articulate,
More scorching in its eloquence than the flames
That melted it to his will of fire;
Cold marble he has made compassionate,
Wisdom unfathomable which understands
All pain, all dread, all hunger, all desire;
Cold clay he has made animate,
Life that exclaims:
"You are but babbling shells: I, life entire!"
All these things he has done, this god,
Not as a god by sure austere commands;
But by thinking, seeing, feeling, believing;
By invincible patience and tireless hands;
With a back of scorn for the self-deceiving;
With faith's disdain for The Day's demands,—
A Titan self-cast in his masterful mold,
Who has fused into copper the meaning of gold,
All the truth he could scan,
All his ardor innate;
Breathed his soul in each stone; poured his heart in each
clod,—
A man,
Who stands shoulder to shoulder with Fate.

Out of bronze and marble and clay, formless, cold,
One man has given death the lie!

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE: POET

There's a caress in all you write:
Silver of song to aching ears
And to the heart that broods in night
A touch that weaves a smile from tears;
Magic, which like the rainbow's arc,
Carries the soul from cloud to sun
Till courage laughs away the dark
And wonders what it had to shun.

The follies launched by careless youth,
Cleansed by the wearing waves of years,
Make port with only gold of truth
For all but moping mutineers:
Red gold for them who still would dream
Of dawns that were, of Mays long past;
And gold of gold of purest gleam
For them who make their May-days last!

There's a caress in all you write—
Nay, more! the visioning of seers,
So calm that we forget the might
Which gathers flowers from starry spheres;
So delicate that it can take
The bloom and scent of all the springs,
Leave them still rich, yet with these make
The heights and music born of wings.

CERVANTES

(Tercentenary)

Not only England's Ariel sprite is ours,
But all that foils unreason's arid reign
By pricking windbags, digging deep to drain
The useless moats of crumbling feudal towers;
All that unspurs the strutting knight of bowers,
Demanding of true chivalry a brain
With common sense. So, turn awhile to Spain!
Give Stratford time to smile at all your flowers.

Close on the day whose theft assured the world
Of works so deathless few could grasp it then,
A standard of as fine a stuff was furled
On pluck that matched Numantia's grim *Amen!*
Salute Cervantes, warrior-wit! He hurled
Spears whose least splinter nibs our sharpest pen.

TO SARAH BERNHARDT

(March, 1915)

We are all sympathy; and yet so long
As you have tongue and lips to woo from speech
Pure gold, the world remains within your reach:
For you are armed with wings of spoken song
So velvety, so exquisite, so strong,
That their most simple rise and fall impeach
The violin of harshness. You can breach,
Though motionless, the hearts of any throng.

Age cannot claim you, nor the hand of death
Do more than sweep your graces from our sight.
Your voice shall linger in the honied breath
Of summer winds, the surging of the wave,
The sighs of lovers on a silver night.
Yours is a sorcery which cheats the grave!

"NEITHER BRUTE NOR HUMAN"

Although two months have passed since the appropriation of \$5000 to purchase the Poe Cottage at Fordham and remove it to a site in Poe Park, the famous home still stands in the old site, in danger of destruction any day from falling bricks of the new apartment house that is being erected next door. . . . In this cottage, the genius is thought to have written "The Bells," "Ulalume," "Eureka," etc. His wife, Virginia Clemm, died here in 1847, her end hastened by privation.

—Press Clipping, March 30, 1913.

A first edition of "Al Aaraaf," printed at Poe's expense in Baltimore in 1829, has been offered for sale in Washington at \$2000. The last copy sold at auction brought \$2700.

—Press Clipping, March 31, 1913.

There is no trace of wisdom in our scheme
Of honoring the great: we grudge them bread
When living, stint our praise; yet load them dead
With costly stone inscribed with loud esteem.
Soldiers excepted, for the dullest seem
Our saviors, heroes; but the brave who bled
For art—eccentrics, till their fame has spread
Our own. Then watch our jostling plaudits stream!

Beauty and song have welled and love has kneeled
Within the compass of this threatened husk ;
Here Poe, "the genius"—empty epithet !
We boast Aladdin's lamp, and cannot shield
One little roof from gain's encroaching dusk :
We clamor for an hour and then forget.

TO THE MEMORY OF
GILBERT LITTLE STARK

(1885-1908)

He is not gone who dwells in loyal hearts,
Yet at his name a world of sorrow smarts
Even in one who only brushed the truth
Which pollened with such wealth his cheated youth.

And so with all that knew him: for to know
Was but to love; and, loving him, the blow
That leveled so much fineness reached not one
But many and made hard, "Thy will be done."

As if in soft reproof his hushed lips move
With unforgotten charm: no common groove
Channeled a fire whose soaring ardor lent
To words far more than what they uttered meant.

Blossoms he filled with music and the songs
Of birds he touched with color. In vast throngs
He found a soul: from one kind heart he drew
The virtues of a race—and all rang true!

Through him gray deserts flowered, a tombing stone
Yielded a live warm past; a mountain's cone,
All art; and spirits of the woods unrolled
'A painted scene of blue and green and gold.'

All that he saw became of moment, all:
Young rice, old cliff, a bead, a waterfall!
Silence itself he quickened into speech:
Nothing was blind to his high vision's reach.

No wonder that the East lifted the veil
Of reticence that guards her inner pale,
Beckoned him on and gladly bid him look
Into each secret thought, each sacred nook.

So, like the moon, he gave the orient sun
To the antipodes, when day was done;
And, like the moon, all that he mirrors seems
A perfect wedding of our richest dreams.

APRIL'S FOOL

Spring! Spring! Spring! Spring!

Even I must smile

(I who hail it with a song)

That I hail it in a song;

For the fashion, O the fashion,

Is to still a singing heart

(Even hearts must bow to Style)

Or to treat it with compassion,

Proffered as to weak from strong;

And to mark as dearth of art,

Lack of humor, want of sense,

Love and praise of any thing

To be had without expense:

So why waste the breath to sing

Free-to-all, though priceless, spring?

Spring! Spring! Spring! Spring!

I may even laugh,

Laugh before the end of May,

That I sang of spring today.

Yet upon the cenotaph

Of a goddess yearly dying,

Lovely phoenix still defying

Burial in earthly ground,

Let this shadow of the truth,

Less than dust of truth, be found:

Breath of spring and wing of youth,
Youth, Youth, Youth, Youth,
Seem for one sweet moment one,
All of earth and moon and sun!
For a moment I am blind
To the sneers of humankind,
Dull to all but zest of life,
Sea to scythe and air to knife!
Drunk with spring? I am the spring!
So I sing myself who sing,
Grateful, joyous, shameless, sing:
Spring! Spring! Spring! Spring!

THE KEY OF HEAVEN

Is it the things a man has done
Or has not done that will decide
If he shall know some deathless sun
Or cease to be, a soul denied?
Is it the things essayed or done
—Some heart-bent, self-defiant act—
Or left undone—mere caution's pact
With shibboleths of what to shun?

Shall darers of a chartless sea
Or they who file the posted road
Be made the winners of the key,
If key must force a God's abode?—
The choosers of a siren'd sea,
Peers with the angel-demon Life,
Or carpet-knights to Cœlebs' Wife
Whose eyebrows mark their apogee?

When has a fixed and drab cocoon
Outflown the butterfly or moth;
Clay pot, tureen or silver spoon
Excelled live flame, outsavored broth?
Let larva hug the safe cocoon,
The gift of wings should rouse the wish
To soar, not creep around a dish
Smacking of pap for some poltroon.

Surely the things a man has done,
Though marred in doing, weigh for more
Beneath a spotted golden sun
Than guarded pits of unworked ore.
Though evil flaw the good that's done,
Sooner at death's assay submit
The tarnished than the counterfeit,
Life crushed by overuse than none!

THE VIOLIN

There is dirge or a fling in the bagpipe's whine;
There is shuffle and swing in the banjo's thrum;
In tantara of horn leaps the fire of wine,
As in blare of trumpet and rumble of drum:
But sweet are the delicate melodies from
The lute and flute and Chinese k'in,
Yet all are silenced or overcome
By the velvet voice of a violin.

The organ and harp are grand, divine;
Pleasant if sharp is the zither's strum;
In shriek of fife sounds the battle-sign,
As in blare of trumpet and rumble of drum:
But joyous and zestful the bombulum
And zell and bell and reed-notes thin,
Yet all are made heavy or hollow or dumb
By the velvet voice of a violin.

At the lilt of guitars true lovers pine,
While they reel like the stars to the clashing sum
Of cymbals and gong, with eyes that shine—
As in blare of trumpet and rumble of drum:
But for peace the bow's caressing hum,
The mellow cello's relief from din;
Most tenderly given, when hearts are numb,
By the velvet voice of a violin.

ENVOY

Prince, whatever the depths I plumb
—As in blare of trumpet and rumble of drum—
Let me be called to your Golden Inn
By the velvet voice of a violin.

MOTORING BY NIGHT

Down a moonglade of our making do we glide
On a glowing stream that rolls the eventide
Into banks of shadowland mounting high on either hand
Up to where the golden stars lantern the celestial cars.

Oh, the floating sweep and swing of our course,
As though flying on some phantom wingèd horse
With enchanted eyes that beam cool for all their sunny
gleam,
Marking every dip and bend from the start to journey's
end.

Wakened flowers breathe a blessing on the air;
Beauties hidden from the noonday everywhere
Rise alluringly unreeled—for so brief a glimpse revealed,
They are lost as soon as seen on that mocking magic
screen.

REACTIONS

TO A LIFE-PLANT

Life-plant with your stem so tall
And that canopy of bells
Apple-green and claret-red,
Are you not a parasol
Used by pixies of the dells,
Gentle fairies who have fled
Just because a man has come,
Man the harsh and quarrelsome?

When I cut a leaf from you,
Nail it somewhere selfishly,
Trophy-like as humans will,
Good Samaritans of dew
And the wizard sunbeams see
To its wounds and wants until
Heaven's soft answer to my knife
Is a gloriole of life!

TO A VIREO

Chick of the village—so they name you
From your challenge brisk—
Surely special sunbeams frame you
On your tamarisk.

Cheery suit of green and yellow;
Eyes alert with light:
Such a self-reliant fellow
For so wee a mite!

Are you ever crushed and gloomy,
Merry vireo?
Never, with a sky so roomy
And all earth below!

TO AN OLD SUGAR MAPLE

There are wounds in your side, old one;
And now you are dying,
Who were planted by his bride, old one,—
Of whom he is crying,
“Oh, she is gone—my wife, the core of my life,”
• Not knowing he’s lying.

You were fair, you were brave, old one,
Till he drained you—the miser;
And her, his pinched slave, old one:
Yet hark to him prize her,
“Oh, she is gone—my wife, the core of my life,”
Not one whit the wiser!

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

(SESTINA)

Deaf as the dead, stone-deaf: and so for me
Life has untongued the silver bells of sound;
But spares me this, the stabbing cries of pain
Wrung from warm hearts that lose or, worse, are lost;
And opens wide the windows of my eyes
That I may read the wonders heard by you.

For, think! does spring or autumn hold for you
Such wealth of color as they fling to me?
Such clues? Try once to listen with your eyes
To bird-call, tide-rip—yes, to see a sound,
If you would learn what I have gained—and lost;
If you would know the joy that lines my pain.

This is no grudging claim that joy or pain
Is felt by me more keenly than by you;
But that for song and laughter's music lost,
Body of sigh and word denied to me,
I have been given interpreters of sound
Held cheaper where sharp ears are used as eyes.

True, there are overtones to help my eyes
—Fluttering elves too small to carry pain—
Which time with boom of surf, rain-patter, sound

Of dancing, even the tread of lucky you.
From head to foot these kiss and comfort me
Till I forget the treasures they have lost.

Brave? Alas, no! There have been nights, when lost
In gloom which seemed to mock my straining eyes,
That I have begged blank space to stifle me
Lest the mad waves of suffocating pain
Flood my sick soul with hate for such as you—
A soul for sale for one short whispered sound!

The world as silence growing rich with sound—
For poor dull ears how great a gamut lost!
But, as a motley pantomine, with you
As Harlequin or Clown with wistful eyes,
Fairy or Fop or Columbine in pain—
How broad, how deep, how eloquent to me!

Don't pity me! Fate sealed my house to sound.
Though mine the pain of loving voices lost,
Life gave me eyes. I give Life thanks. Do you?

A MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN

Like other babies? Never! In your eyes
Shine all the glories of last summer's skies!
From that small face glow all the dawns that were,
All the shy moons that made my girl's heart stir!
Your hands are roses, pink like those that he
Pinned on my breast the night he said to me:
"I love you!" Mine, O Mine, to look at you
Is to have all my dreams of love come true.

THE PRESENCE

Gone is the Galilean?
Nay! He will always come,
The breath of life His pæan
With land and sea His drum
And psaltery Orphean,
Shaming Laodicean:
The smugly deaf and dumb!

He is the seed supernal,
Blossom and fruit of earth,
His fairest garments vernal
To make us shout His worth;
A quickening eternal,
A harvesting diurnal,
Perpetual rebirth!

TREBIZOND

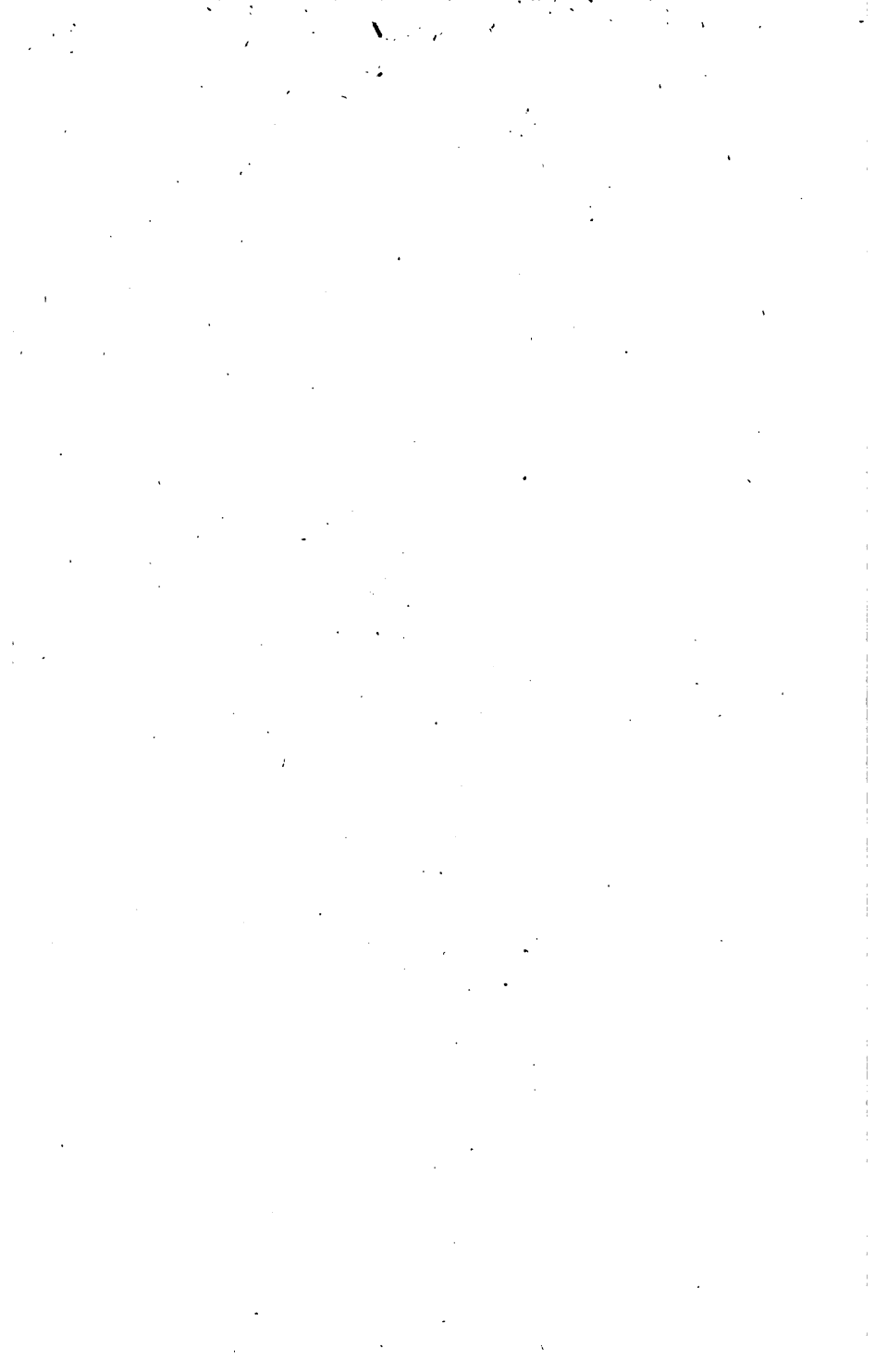
*When I was king of—*There! it's gone!
That word whose loss imprisons me
Plays traitor with the master-key.
Always I wake too late, too soon:
Either the sun has gilded bit
And ward until they will not fit
Or it is dangling in the moon.
Tell me my kingdom, Leprecawn,
Goblin or Glendoveer or Faun!

Sometimes the answer starts to flame,
Set deep with rubies in a crown
Or naced on the filmy gown
Which swirls about my sylph of dreams:
And then a mace of steatite
Stuns me just as I have it right,
Leaving a mock of splintered gleams.
Speak! Did I fall, then limp too lame
For Mithridates' vaunting aim?

And yet . . . oh, why does Trebizond
Spell me as never Greece nor Rome?
And why—*I come, majestic Dome,*
The conqueror of Samarkand!

*I come, my Blue-and-Golden One,
Your Basileus, your mitred Sun!*
I—God, what scepter burns my hand?—
Rhymester and wayward vagabond,
Light of a realm unparagoned!







**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

DEC 16 1917		
DEC 16 1917		
DEC 16 1917		
DEC 17 1917		
DEC 17 1917		
DEC 18 1917		

S.M.



